

CHARIVARIA.

THE Irish Nationalist Members of Parliament have decided not to attend the Coronation, and in Ireland it is being asked, Will the Coronation now be held?

Sir EDWARD GREY, in answer to a question in the House, stated that no concrete proposals relative to the Bagdad Railway were at present before the Government. Some of us are of the opinion that it is time that the iron hand were shown, and would like to see some ferro-concrete proposals emanate from our Government.

The KAISER, in declining to interfere in a case which was put before him, declared that attempted suicide was not a crime for which there is any earthly tribunal. This partial abdication on the part of the KAISER has surprised his countrymen, who fear it points to a failing belief in his own powers.

The Drury Lane pantomime has now gone into a second edition. We understand, however, that it will have to be withdrawn in December next to make way for another pantomime, of an equally seasonable character.

"Heaven knows we have enough without looking for other burdens," said President TAFT in disclaiming all desire for annexation. We like this picture of Canada as a white man's burden.

Mr. HALDANE, in his memorandum on the Army Estimates, drew attention to the shortage of officers. Private BAXTER, on the other hand, is 6 ft. 8½ in. in his socks.

The wholesale, retail and manufacturing stationers have decided that on March 21st everyone connected with the trade shall send the POSTMASTER-GENERAL a card protesting against the decision to sell postcards and letter-cards at the price of the stamps on them. It is rumoured that, with a view to increasing his revenue this way, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL will postpone the inauguration of the reform from year to year.

Judge PARRY has been appointed to succeed the late Judge EMDEN. His Honour is the author of *Katacampus*, *What the Butler Saw*, and *The Captain of the School*, and the Lambeth County Court will no doubt soon come to be recognised as the Home of Light Farce.

Dr. ORVILLE OWEN is making a determined effort to discover documents which will prove that BACON wrote the plays of SHAKESPEARE. It is fortunate for Stratford-on-Avon (where Miss CORELLI resides) that its fame does not rest only on the fact of its being the birthplace of SHAKESPEARE.

"It is reported from New York," says *The Mirror*, "that Mrs. SMITH H. McKIM, who obtained a divorce from

struction of a large circus to be known as Westbourne Circus. "Ah, this is indeed a pleasure-loving age!" said the dear old lady.

Our attention has been drawn to an advertisement of a "HAND LAUNDRY." This is a capital idea. We know several little boys who need it badly.

Answer to Anxious Enquirer:—No, Mr. MAUGHAM's *Loaves and Fishes* has nothing to do with Standard Bread. But a topical touch is given to the play by the selection of Mr. ROBERT LORRAINE for the part of a sky-pilot.

THE AWAKENING.

WHEN my accursed tooth began
To ache and ache the livelong
day,
I went and asked a dental man
To probe the region where it
lay,
And gently take the horrid thing
away.

He seemed to like the scheme,
and so
I called one awful afternoon,
Whereon a babbling medic,
Hired in to engineer a swoon,
Clapped o'er my head a nasty gas-
balloon.

I said as much as was allowed
By moderation and the gag,
And then my mind became a cloud
And my attention seemed to
flag,
And he—he took his mashie from
the bag.

Methought I dreamed for several
years,
But all my visions went awry;
My body slept, but not my fears,
For I could see, without an eye,
That root was in a deuced rotten
lie.

Waking with but a single wish,
I knew that now 'twas mine to
gloat,
To see it swimming in the dish
(Unless he'd dropped it down my
throat);
Somehow I felt convinced that it would
float.

The bowl was empty as before;
I gazed and gazed but saw it not.
I looked, expectant, on the floor,
And then a pang revealed the spot—
The silly fool had been and missed his
shot!



Old Lady. "WHAT A DREADFUL DOWNPOUR. IT'S A REGULAR WATEESPOT!"

her husband last August, will sail for England next month for the purpose of marrying Mr. A. G. VANDERBILT. After this it will not be possible for Mr. VANDERBILT to complain that he was not warned.

Canon OTTLEY has attracted further notice to the case of the Barking "flushers," who are said to work for 352 days in the year. We suspect that this scandal would have been remedied long ago but for the belief that Barking dogs do not bite.

A street improvement scheme, which is to be submitted to the Paddington Borough Council and the London County Council, provides for the con-

TO THE LATE NOAH WEBSTER.

[In honour of the new and superb edition of his lexicon, lately issued by Messrs. BELL AND SONS, of London, and the MERRIAM CO., of Springfield, Mass.]

This weighty structure—one stone one, or more—

Full as an egg of meat, and very showy,

Yea, packed with such a variegated store

As filled the hulk in which that other Noë,

With SHEM and HAM, *et cetera*, made his mark

(That is to say, The Ark),

In wealth of illustrations fairly dims

The luminous past. Four hundred extra pages,

A trebled stock-in-trade of Synonyms,

And several new "Fictitious Personages,"

Conspire to make the sort of wedding gift

No thief could hope to lift.

WEBSTER, you should be here, right here, to-day,

Snatching an idle hour from realms of Fairy,

To mark your Eagle, strangely proud and gay,

Smile on your devastating Dictionary—

That fowl for which the earth supplies no mate

(See opening coloured plate).

What if the firm of BELL of London (Eng.)

Upon the volume which I here review sets

Its *imprimatur*, sharing this great fling

With Messrs. MERRIAM of Massachusetts?

Initially, old man, the rightful praise

Is yours and U.S.A.'s.

And, though Columbia calls your teeming tome

"The International," she don't repent her

Of fashions fixed in that New England home

That was your theater (*sic*), your working center;

Still where your "Unabridged" began to sell

They own your ancient spell.

Yet Time has changed a lot, omniscient Sir.

Some things that to our vulgar vision lie plain

Had never had occasion to occur

Within your knowledge—sample I., the Biplane;

In those far days they simply ran to kites,

The local WILBUR WRIGHTS.

The biograph, the motor-bus, the ski,

The tube, the tubal lift, the fleet Marconi,

Were still undreamed in your philosophy,

Contemporaneous with the tyrant BONEY;

And yet on these our daily souls are fed—

On these, and Standard Bread.

Microbes, again—you never heard the term.

The larger monsters, such as Megatherium,

Engaged a fancy still untaught to squirm

At lesser fauna like the slim Bacterium;

Nor yet did table-topics, ere you passed,

Include the Scleroblast.

Thus Science ruthlessly extends her range.

One lives and learns; let's hope one dies and learns too;

For I should loathe to think you cannot change,

That all in vain your cabined spirit yearns to

Pick up fresh wrinkles from the Book of Fame,

Noë, that bears your name. O. S.

"Harkness rose and opened his cigarette case. Reggie snatched a weed greedily, and, biting off the end, lit it with trembling fingers."

"Daily Mail" *Feuilletton*.

Somebody ought to speak to Reggie about this. To smoke only one end of a cigarette—whether the end he bites off or the other—is sheer extravagance.

AT THE SIGN OF THE HARROW.

(With Apologies to the Conductors of "At the Sign of the Fough" in "The Cornhill Magazine.")

III. ON THE HISTORY OF THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY.

1. Assign the following remarks by the Fairchild Children to their respective speakers, and give the approximate ages of the latter.

(i.) "Papa, I can repeat the verses in Genesis about Paradise." *Answer*: Henry (age between 5 and 6).

(ii.) "Oh! and I know what the Children of Noah did in the Plain of Shinar." *Answer*: Emily (about 7).

(iii.) "Papa, may we say some verses about mankind having bad hearts?" *Answer*: Lucy (about 9).

(iv.) "Are my Aunts dead? . . . Then I'm afraid that they are not gone to Heaven." *Answer*: Henry.

(v.) "Is it right to be going out every day, and dressing fine, and playing at cards?" *Answer*: Lucy.

(vi.) "We have disobeyed our parents, we have told a lie, and we have drunk cider until we were drunk." *Answer*: Lucy.

(vii.) "I was not two minutes stealing the apple, and papa found it out before breakfast." *Answer*: Henry.

(viii.) "You don't like to be called a thief, though you are not ashamed to steal, I see." *Answer*: Henry (*in reproof of Miss Augusta Noble for taking two apples out of the governess's work-bag*).

2. (a) What reason did Mrs. Fairchild give for accepting an invitation to dine with a baronet? *Answer*: "Well, my dear, as Sir Charles Noble has been so kind as to ask us, we must not offend him by refusing to go." (b) How did her hostess receive her on this occasion? *Answer*: "Lady Noble was a proud woman, so she did not take much notice of Mrs. Fairchild when she came in, although she ordered the servant to set a chair for her."

3. Give in Mrs. Fairchild's own words the besetting sins of:

(i.) Lady Noble. *Answer*: "Alas! I am sorry for Lady Noble; she loves the world too well, and all its fine things."

(ii.) Mr. Crosbie. *Answer*: "Mr. Crosbie loves eating."

(iii.) Mrs. Crosbie. *Answer*: "Mrs. Crosbie is ill-tempered."

(iv.) Miss Crosbie. *Answer*: "Miss Crosbie is vain and fond of finery;" and

(v.) Miss Betsey Crosbie. *Answer*: "Miss Betsey is very pert and forward."

4. Describe the dishes of which, according to Lucy, Mr. Crosbie partook when he dined with the Fairchilds. *Answer*: "And how Mr. Crosbie did eat! He ate half the haunch of venison. And then he was helped twice to pigeon-pie, and then he ate apple-tart and custard, and then—" (*cetera desunt*.)

5. What explanation did Mrs. Fairchild give of her motive in enumerating to her children the various weaknesses and self-deceptions of her guests? *Answer*: "To show you how people may live in the constant practice of one particular sin without being conscious of it, and perhaps thinking themselves very good all the time."

6. What was Emily's actual occupation at the time when she represented herself to have been "playing with the cat upstairs"? *Answer*: "Stealing preserved damascenes."

7. With what refreshment did his children provide Mr. Fairchild at a picnic? *Answer*: "A loaf and cheese, and a large fruit pie, and a bottle of beer for their papa."

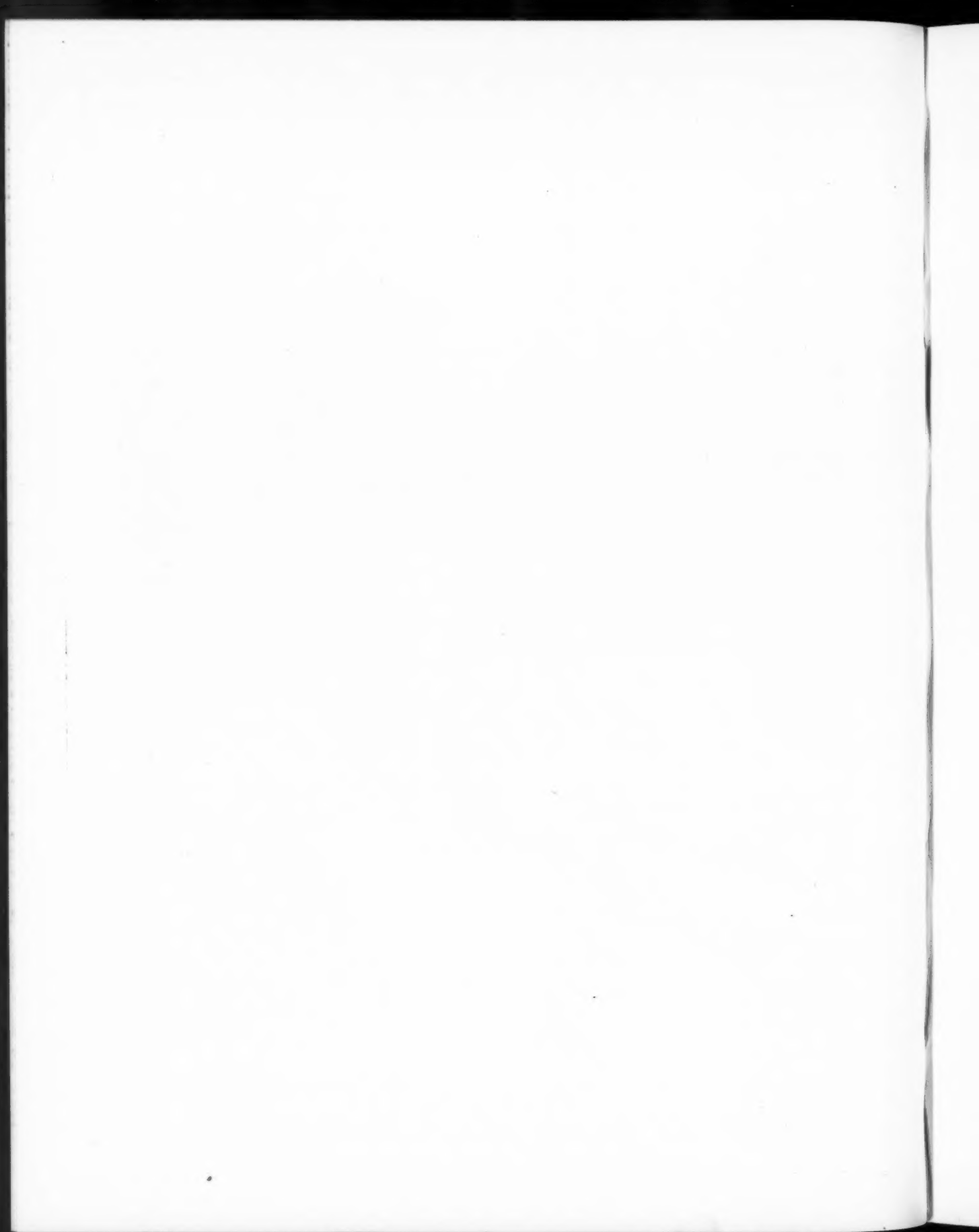
8. What was the fare that moved Mr. Fairchild to exclaim at Mrs. Goodwill's table: "What blessings we



A SAIL! A SAIL!

DON QUIXOTE (*waking in the Elysian Fields*). "WHO SAID 'WIND-MILLS'?"

[The new vogue of Whole-meal Bread is likely to lead to the revival of the old methods of grinding flour.]





Small Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR,—MAY WE HAVE AN EXTRA HALF-HOLIDAY THIS AFTERNOON?"

Headmaster. "WHY?"

Small Boy. "WELL—SIR—WE—THOUGHT YOU MIGHT FEEL LIKE IT, SIR—AS YOU WERE SINGING IN YOUR BATH THIS MORNING!"

have about us—even in *this* world!" *Answer:* "A roast fowl and some boiled bacon, with a nice cold currant-and-raspberry pie."

9. Give his definition of a University. *Answer:* "A place where young men go to be prepared to be clergymen."

10. What was his idea of (a) A birthday jaunt? *Answer:* "It is Lucy's birthday. We will go to see John Trueman and take some cake to his little children, and afterwards we will go on to visit Nurse and carry her some tea and sugar." (b) An agreeable experience for children? *Answer:* "Old John Roberts, the gardener, died yesterday morning. . . . Have you any desire to see the corpse, my dears? You never saw a corpse, I think." (c) An instructive object-lesson on the dangers of family fisticuffs? *Answer:* "A visit to 'a gibbet on which the body of a man hung in chains . . . but the face of the corpse was so shocking that the children could not look upon it.'" "Oh, let us go, papa!" said the children, pulling Mr. Fairchild's coat. "Not yet," said Mr. Fairchild, "I must tell you the history of that wretched man before we go from this place."

11 (i). Indicate from the text Henry's notion of a really attractive book. *Answer:* "My book," said Emily, "is 'The History of an Orphan Boy,' and there are a great many pictures in it; the first is the picture of a funeral." "Let me see, let me see," said Henry. "O how pretty!"

(ii). What was Henry so fortunate as to discover on cutting two unopened leaves of his book with a pair

of scissors? *Answer:* "A very pretty prayer against covetousness."

12. (a) On what occasion was Henry "much pleased"? *Answer:* "When he got his new grammar and dictionary and Latin exercise book." (b) Was his pleasure of long duration? *Answer:* No. He declined to learn his first lesson, and "Mr. Fairchild then took a small horse whip, and making John hold him, he flogged him well and sent him to bed."

In the opinion of Mr. *Punch* the best set of answers was sent in by Master Samuel Suckling, aged 6, Sion House, Sanctuary Lane, Hassocks, to whom the prize, a copy of "Henry Milner, the History of a Little Boy who was not brought up after the Manner of This World," by the author of "The Fairchild Family," has been awarded. F. A.

THE BURGLARS' SCRUPLE.

It was only when they re-assembled in the dining-room to count their swag that an envelope on the mantel-piece revealed to them the identity of their victim.

"Swelp me, 'Enry," said Albert, reverently removing his cap, "swelp me if this ain't LLOYD JARGE'S house. We can't rob 'im. 'E's one of us, like, when it comes to 'en-roosts."

"Yus," said Henry; "and didn't 'is pal let off old Alf Davies's uncle? 'E's our friend!"

And replacing their booty, except just enough to cover expenses, they stepped out over the roofs as the grey dawn broke over Brighton.

THE LUCKY MONTH.

"Know thyself," said the old Greek motto. (In Greek—but this is an English paper.) So I bought a little red book called, tersely enough, *Were you born in January?* I was; and, reassured on this point, the author told me all about myself.

For the most part he told me nothing new. "You are," he said in effect, "good-tempered, courageous, ambitious, loyal, quick to resent wrong, an excellent raconteur, and a leader of men." True. "Generous to a fault"—(Yes, I was overdoing that rather)—"you have a ready sympathy with the distressed. People born in this month will always keep their promises." And so on. There was no doubt that the author had the idea all right. Even when he went on to warn us of our weaknesses he maintained the correct note. "People born in January," he said, "must be on their guard against working too strenuously. Their extraordinarily active brains—" Well, you see what he means. It is a fault perhaps, and I shall be more careful in future. Mind, I do not take offence with him for calling my attention to it. In fact, my only objection to the book is its surface application to all the people who were born in January. There should have been more distinction made between me and the rabble.

I have said that he told me little that was new. In one matter, however, he did open my eyes. He introduced me to an aspect of myself entirely unsuspected.

"They," he said—meaning me, "have unusual business capacity, and are destined to be leaders in great commercial enterprises."

One gets at times these flashes of self-revelation. In an instant I realised how wasted my life had been; in an instant I resolved that here and now I would put my great gifts to their proper uses. I would be a leader in an immense commercial enterprise.

One cannot start commercial enterprises without capital. The first thing was to determine the exact nature of my balance at the bank. This was a matter for the bank to arrange, and I drove there rapidly.

"Good morning," I said to the cashier. "I am in rather a hurry. May I have my pass book?"

He assented and retired. After an interminable wait, during which many psychological moments for commercial enterprise must have lapsed, he returned.

"I think you have it," he said shortly. "Thank you," I replied, and drove rapidly home again.

A lengthy search followed; but after

an hour of it one of those white-hot flashes of thought, such as only occur to the natural business genius, seared my mind and sent me post-haste to the bank again.

"After all," I said to the cashier, "I only want to know my balance. What is it?"

He withdrew and gave himself up to calculation. I paced the floor impatiently. Opportunities were slipping by. At last he pushed a slip of paper across at me. My balance!

It was in four figures. Unfortunately two of them were shillings and pence. Still, there was a matter of fifty pounds odd as well, and fortunes have been built up on less.

Out in the street I had a moment's pause. Hitherto I had regarded my commercial enterprise in the bulk, as a finished monument of industry; the little niggling preliminary details had not come up for consideration. Just for a second I wondered how to begin.

Only for a second. An unsuspected talent which has long lain dormant needs, when waked, a second or so to turn round in. At the end of that time I had made up my mind. I knew exactly what I would do. I would ring up my solicitor.

"Hallo, is that you? Yes, this is me. What? Yes, awfully, thanks. How are you? Good. Look here, come and lunch with me. What? No, at once. Good-bye."

Business, particularly that sort of commercial enterprise to which I had now decided to lend my genius, can only be discussed properly over a cigar. During the meal itself my solicitor and I indulged in the ordinary small-talk of the pleasure-loving world.

"You're looking very fit," said my solicitor. "No, not fat, fit."

"You don't think I'm looking thin?" I asked anxiously. "People are warning me that I may be overdoing it rather. They tell me that I must be seriously on my guard against brain strain."

"I suppose they think you oughtn't to strain it too suddenly," said my solicitor. Though he is now a solicitor he was once just an ordinary boy like the rest of us, and it was in those days that he acquired the habit of being rude to me, a habit he has never quite forgotten.

"What is an onyx?" I said, changing the conversation.

"Why?" asked my solicitor, with his usual business acumen.

"Well, I was practically certain that I had seen one in the Zoo, in the reptile house, but I have just learnt that it is my lucky month stone. Naturally I want to get one."

The coffee came and we settled down to commerce.

"I was just going to ask you," said my solicitor—"have you any money lying idle at the bank? Because if so—"

"Whatever else it is doing, it isn't lying idle," I protested. "I was at the bank to-day, and there were men chivying it about with shovels all the time."

"Well, how much have you got?"

"About fifty pounds."

"It ought to be more than that."

"That's what I say, but you know what banks are. Actual merit counts for nothing with them."

"Well, what did you want to do with it?"

"Exactly. That was why I rang you up. I—er—" This was really my moment, but somehow I was not quite ready to seize it. My vast commercial enterprise still lacked a few trifling details. "Er—I—well, it's like that."

"I might get you a few ground rents."

"Don't. I shouldn't know where to put them."

"But if you really have fifty pounds simply lying idle I wish you'd lend it to me for a bit. I'm confoundedly hard up."

("Generous to a fault, you have a ready sympathy with the distressed." Dash it, what could I do?)

"Is it quite etiquette for clients to lend solicitors money?" I asked. "I thought it was always solicitors who had to lend it to clients. If I must, I'd rather lend it to you—I mean, I'd dislike it less—as to the old friend of me childhood."

"Yes, that's how I wanted to pay it back."

"Bother. Then I'll send you a cheque to-night," I sighed.

And that's where we are at the moment. "People born in this month always keep their promises." The money has got to go to-night. If I hadn't been born in January I shouldn't be sending it; I certainly shouldn't have promised it; I shouldn't even have known that I had it. Sometimes I almost wish that I had been born in one of the decent months. March, say.

A. A. M.

"Mi-s ——— has been appointed a Junior Assistant at the Public Library, the book; in which are to be insured for £3,000."

Worthing Mercury.

It may be necessary, but it looks a little pointed.

From the Cause List:

"Part v. Sebright—part heard."

Oughtn't they to give SEBRIGHT a hearing, too?

THE ADVANCE OF ASQUITH.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.)

It has been suggested in some quarters that in my articles on LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON CHURCHILL in *The Chronicle* I have exhausted the resources of eulogy as applicable to statesmen of the day. I am glad to think that I am not only able but proud to complete these lauds of the living with an even more terrific explosion of super-fatted panegyric.

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH, for of him I propose to write to-day, was a wonderful boy. But as he was even more wonderful as a boy than CHATTERTON, so was he more prodigious as a child than MOZART or PADEREWSKI. He lisped in faultless elegiacs, and on his second birthday repeated the paradigm of *virtus* without a single fault. At the City of London School he swept the board of prizes, including those for exemplary conduct, tidiness, and classical dancing. And yet in the midst of it all, behind that front of light-hearted gaiety and those sweet star-like eyes, his profound mind was already working out the colossal scheme destined to paralyse feudalism and accelerate the march of triumphant democracy.

I shall never forget our first meeting. It was at Oxford, where I had been asked to address the Union on the Gospel of Love in Personal Journalism. I was terribly overworked just then, having to finish my *Lives of the Oil Kings* against time, and though I spoke with fervour there was a chilly detachment about those superb young barbarians that affected me sadly, and I was on the point of bursting into tears when a brilliantly handsome freshman, who was sitting in the gallery, cried out in trumpet tones, "Good old Tay Pay!" The effect was simply electrical. My fatigue and nervousness vanished as if by magic; from that point I held the whole house in the hollow of my hand, and after the debate they carried me shoulder high to the Mitre—no easy task even in those days. My readers will have guessed the identity of that trumpet-voiced freshman. It was HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH, who shortly afterwards took a double first in the Classical Tripos. Next day he invited me to breakfast with the Master of Balliol, dear simple old BENJAMIN JOWETT, and the flow of soul ran deep and strong. We did not leave the table till 12.30, as ASQUITH insisted on reciting the whole of the *Ars Poetica* backwards in my honour. It was a wonderful *tour de force*, and from that day I have reckoned him amongst my dearest friends, only less dear than Sir



Shocked Gentleman (on Hampstead Heath). "THE HAREM SKIRT IN ENGLAND! DISGRACEFUL! I WAS HOPING MY COUNTRYWOMEN—"



"—MY MISTAKE."

THOMAS LIPTON, Lord PIRRIE and Sir ALBERT ROLLIT.

ASQUITH's industry as a journalist and barrister was phenomenal. Though passionately fond of dancing, he refused all invitations to balls until he took silk. Judges quailed before him even while he was a junior. No doubt the astonishing beauty of his profile and the superlatively lovely *timbre* of his voice had much to say to it. As GEORGE ELIOT once said to me, "There has been no profile like ASQUITH's since the days of DANTE." As for his voice—I have drunk in the golden glory of MARIO, the cherubic rapture of ALBONI, the stentorian ecstasy of LABLACHE, but they were a mere jejune jangle compared to the cosmic majesty of ASQUITH's incomparable organ. But the magnetism of a gorgeous voice can effect little unless it is backed by the compelling force of a gigantic intellect and a great heart. And that brings me to my final

word. ASQUITH has a certain superficial hardness, as all great men have; but it is hardness with immense softness combined; and the softness of his heart is only equalled by his passionate sense of justice, his transcendent generosity, and his perfectly appalling unselfishness. It is dreadfully painful to me to say all this, because he is the most modest of men, and anything that borders, however remotely, on the fulsome is gall and wormwood to me. But, remembering the magnificent courage of those friendly words of good cheer launched from his fearless lips in the good old Oxford Union, without a qualm I have plunged baldheaded up to the neck in the mid-stream of oleaginous adulation.

"Collie looked like making a break, but failed at a cannon after scoring 4."

Dublin Evening Mail.

A pity after so fine a promise.

NOT CRICKET.

THE SCANDALOUS AFFAIR OF MY UMBRELLA.

It was no article of costly make,
Fashioned of silk and ebony and gold
(The kind that careless men are apt to take),
It was not even very neatly rolled.

Still it was my ewe lamb. And when I found
The place untenanted where erst it stood
I told my sorrow to the wainscot round,
I said some things that nearly warped the wood.

I cried aloud to the Olympian gods
And all the shadowy powers that rule the air
To punish him that did this deed with rods—
I also spoke to the commissionaire.

I said, "This was the apple of my eye,
Bought when a boyish heart was clean of doubt;
I loved the little windows where the sky
Came peeping through when it was opened out.

To some their silken hats are dear, to some
Their overcoats of astrakhan or fur,
To me my ombrifuge, my childhood's chum.
He said, "I will inquire about it, Sir."

Alas! I have no hopes. But this, oh this,
Is what annoys me most about the thing:
I fondly deemed, if e'er I came to miss
The well-known handle, the familiar spring,

Whate'er might be the chances of the change,
Whatever substituted gamp I bore,
Chill to the grasp, and comfortless and strange,
In value I was simply bound to score.

Some elder poet, fired with heavenly flame,
Might leave his thyrsus with the gilded knob,
And brandish mine unconscious till he came
Home to his flat and then be vexed—the snob!

Or I myself, through want of proper care,
Might fail to localise my gingham roof,
And seize some editor's of samite rare,
Crusted with chrysoprase—and waterproof.

But now these hopes have crumbled into dust.
Cursed be the man who took beyond recall
The ancient shelter of a bardic crust,
And never brought his broly here at all. EVOE.

Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement:—

"You thought that because our car was low-priced it was cheap.
Well, that mistake has been made before."

"Mr. Ginnell declared that the phrase, 'Batching the Speaker's
eye,' was a jest and a by-word."—*Liverpool Echo*.
It doesn't sound much of a jest for the SPEAKER.

"Miss —, who was given away by her oxydised embroideries and
tuches of green satin," etc., etc.—*Continental Daily Mail*.
She should have dressed more quietly and then no one
would have known.

"Do not throw away egg-shells. Wash each egg used. Keep a dish
handy for shells. You will be surprised to find how much of the egg
adheres to the shell, and what a diff. rent taste your coffee will have."—*Jhannesburg Star*.

It is not obvious where the coffee comes in, but to be on
the safe side we should refuse it.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

THE MAGIC SUNSET.

I AM riting this story for my Uncle becas he is a good
man and this is a good story there was wonce an old
wooman she was 30 or 42 years old and she lived by herself
in a cottage in a garden and she was very kind to evrybody
and spent a lot of munny in giving things to poor people
but she had nobdy to live with her and she did want a little
baby girl or better still a prinsess to help her in the house
and mend the clothses and she orfen asked for one but she
coudent get it wich made her very sorry.

One day she wos out warking in her garden and she
lookd up to the ski and wen she lookd down agen loan
bold thir wos a Fairy about the size of up to my nee dresd
in pink satn with little pleets and pink satn shus and her
hare wos lus and streemd down to blow her feet and her
wings wer the kuller of the dorn gold pink and purpel.

Have you cum here on purps to vist me sed the old
wooman. Yes I have sed the Fairy Ive herd your askings
till Im neerly tired of it and Im going to giv you wot you
want. Oh thank you so mutsh sed the old wooman it is
very kind Im sure. Dont menshun it sed the Fairy but
you must worter this bit of ground day and nite for
fore days and then you shall see sumthing to make you
larf goodby.

And wen the old wooman lookd agen the Fairy was gorn.
So she went home and fetshd her worterling pot and
worterd away like mad and the first day thir was nuthen
and the old wooman neerly gav it up but she went onn and
the seend day up came a little wite flour on a long grin stork.

Oho sed the old wooman shes going to keep her proms
and she went on worterling and on the thurd day thir wos
nuthen more and the old wooman wos sleeper than ever
but on the foreth day loan bold thir wos the sweetis littel
baby girl in the wirlt kirlid up in the flour she wos no
biger than my thum and the old wooman wos very pleesd
and brort her home and tuk grate care of her.

Of corse the little girl was tu smal at ferst to help mutsh
but she very sune gru to be 9 or 10 years old and then she
was very usfull but she always felt thir was a Prinse
looking for her her name was Mabella.

Not long after this wen Mabella wos in her teens we
will say 16 years old she went out one evning and sat
down on a bank when sudnly thir wos a butefull sunset
with the usuel kullers and it came neerer and neerer till
it got to the bank and then it sat down baside Mabella and
bagen to tork to hir.

Get inside it sed and I will carre you to wunderfull plases.
So Mabella got inside and the sunset carred hir of and
flu away and Mabella wos abel to look out thru a little wite
spot in the sunset and at last it stoped over a larg iland and
Mabella got out to strech hir legs sudnly she hird the sound
of horses hufs galerping at a grate rate neerer and neerer
they came and if you gess it wos a prinse you will be rite.

Then Mabella and the prinse got inside the sunset together
and they sat next one anuther and torked about luv wile the
sunset wos carren them away but they left the horse behind
becas thir was no food for him and they dident wont to be
botherd with a horse.

The sunset carred them to a chirch and wen it got thir
it dident cum down to the ground but it let down tu golden
ladders to the chirch dore and Mabella and the prinse went
down the ladders and were marred in the chirch.

They were very hapy and sune had a large family of 16 grone
up childen but they never sor the sunset agen the old wooman
lived with them for 5 years and then she died age 84.

THE POETRY OF MOTION.

THE recent discussion in *The Times* on the question whether the best poetry is designed for recitation or for silent perusal recalls once more the story (revived not long ago) by Mr. A. C. BENSON in *The Cornhill* how the late Professor SIDGWICK defied sea-sickness by declaiming English poetry in the secluded part of a Channel steamer, but succumbed when asked to desist by some lady-passengers, frightened at his behaviour. When this remedy is more widely known, as it certainly ought to be, the Philistine public will perhaps realise that there is some practical use in versification after all. We foresee a general desire among ocean travellers to join the Poetry Recital Society. In fact, the enterprising officials of this institution are already, we hear, rigging up a rocking platform in the club-room for beginners to acquire their sea-legs upon and get what they remember of *Casabianca*, *The Last Chantey* and *The Ancient Mariner* off their chests. Things are looking quite bright, too, for minor poets and professors of elocution. We know of a thoroughly reliable and seaworthy coach who is prepared personally to conduct uncertain tourists from Dover to Calais, or *vice versa*. He guarantees immunity in the roughest weather, holding a class on the bridge-deck, while his pupils repeat "BARRY CORNWALL'S" well-known piece of hypocrisy, "The sea! the sea! the open sea!" There is, of course, a slight soreness among the stewards, who regard this panacea as likely to imperil their vocation, but it will doubtless wear off. Meanwhile, if certain of our amateur reciters betake themselves to the high seas for the purpose of testing the Sidgwickian theory, we stay-at-homes should have much to be thankful for.

HOW TO BECOME —

[With apologies to the ingenious conductors of "Careers."]

HOW TO BECOME A BATH-CHAIR MAN.

This interesting profession, which is by no means overstocked, can best be entered in the following way. Write an autobiography and dedicate it to a famous man of letters, and with the proceeds you ought to be able to buy a bath-chair, or even two.

HOW TO BECOME A BURGLAR.

How shall a man become a burglar? It is a difficult question to answer. Some go so far as to maintain that the burglar is born, not made. Certain it is that the requirements for success in this interesting calling have become



Mother. "AND WHAT DID YOU TALK ABOUT WHILE YOU WERE DANCING WITH FREDDY?"
Dora (her first time out). "WE DIDN'T TALK—WE COUNTED."

much more exacting owing to the introduction of the finger-print method. Much depends on deportment and education, and there are fortunately numerous establishments in which the high art of house-breaking is taught with great thoroughness. At the best known of these, the Meum and Tuum Academy, an entrance examination is held before the beginning of each term for the admission of candidates. Only those are accepted who succeed in entering unobserved. The accepted candidates are then divided into sections A, B and C. The course of study in Section A is Noiseless Movement; in Section B, Pane Removing and the use of the Jemmy; and in Section C, the use of the Blow-pipe for fusing Safes. The fees are £12 12s. a term, which the student must have obtained by dishonest means. He must employ the same methods to support himself during the period of study; he must also

attend stimulating plays, such as *Raffles*, and read all the current fiction that has a strong predatory and anti-social interest.

HOW TO BECOME A DOG-OWNER.

Acquire a dog and keep it.

HOW TO BECOME AN EARL (CREATED).

It cannot be too urgently impressed on those who aspire to Earldoms that the Peerage is no sinecure. It is a profession which makes a heavy demand on strength and vitality as well as the purse. Long hours of attendance in the gilded chamber or on boards in the City; the nightly strain of frequenting fashionable restaurants and consuming rich and indigestible food; constant travelling to and from the Riviera and occasional privations through losses at Monte Carlo or on the Rubber market, are all part and parcel of the Peer's life, and all demand robust health if they are



ENCOURAGEMENT.

Irish Dealer (to his rough-rider on young horse). "GO ON, DAN! GO ON! WE CAN'T EXPECT TO LIVE FOR EVER!"

to be faced successfully. Another point that cannot be too often remembered is that it is seldom possible for a commoner, even though possessed of boundless wealth and a Sephardic lineage, to become a belted Earl at one step. Remember that there is no such thing as a belted Baron. There are two main ways of embarking on the Peerage as a career:—(1) by desert; (2) by purchase. The former is far too precarious a method to be recommended, except to persons of a rather exceptional physique and tenacity.

HOW TO BECOME AN IDIOT.

Read all the daily papers. If that is not enough, read all the weekly papers.

HOW TO BECOME A PEERESS.

There are two ways, equally good:—

(1) Learn a very little singing and a very little dancing. Wear a French hat and induce a manager to give you a part in musical comedy.

(2) Be the daughter of an American multi-millionaire.

HOW TO BECOME A SECRET-DRINKER.

Drink in secret.

HOW TO BECOME A SMART-SETTITE.

A suitable face, the disregard of common-sense, a desire to forget all useful knowledge, and to spend money

freely without the slightest provocation will carry a youth far in this field. There is always room for a sane and healthy antipathy to hard work and a consistent and single-minded devotion to futility and frivolity, if only as a protest against the excessive strenuousness of the age. We want folly to enliven this drab world, and who is so fit to supply this need as the thorough-paced smart-settite? Some, of course, possess the initial advantage of starting with an hereditary equipment of fatuity, but in this, as in all other careers, very few people are unable to acquire qualifications for admission into the ranks.

HOW TO BECOME A SNOW-SHOVELLER.

Obtain possession of a shovel and wait till it snows. Then apply the shovel to the snow.

In future numbers the following professions, vocations and callings will be dealt with:—

AVERAGE ADJUSTER.
BARK FACTOR.
CONJURERS' RABBIT MERCHANT.
EMERY PAPERMAKER.
GOLDFISH BREAKER.
HEAD-HUNTER.
INDIARUBBER MAN.
JOSS MANUFACTURER.

POODLE SHAVER.
SOOT-BROKER.
TATTOOIST.
UMBRELLA RING EXPERT.
WELL INSPECTOR.

"When I was a child, I never could understand the verse which said, 'Heaven may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'"
—*Irish Society.*
The new version does not seem quite fair on Heaven.

Mr. Punch in India.

The *Allahabad Pioneer* of Feb. 8, in describing the recent wedding of the eldest son of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, states that among other princes and chiefs who assisted at the celebration, was the Rajah of Punch.

"The business man who likes his long weekend is forced to work like a nigger from Tuesday to Friday . . . It is really not easy to put three days' work into five or six."

—*Throne and Country.*

We have never found any difficulty about this arrangement.

"Duras lost his game with Janowsky in the first round of the chess tournament after two moves, the game lasting eighteen hours."

—*Daily Mail.*

After 17 hrs. 59 mins. of solid thought for a suitable reply to P. to K. 4, Duras lost his head and gave up the game.



A TALE OF TWO PARLIAMENTS.

FIRST HALF OF BUDGET (TO SECOND HALF). "COME ON; YOU WON'T GET ANY MORE APPLAUSE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 27.—Stranger looking on from Gallery whilst SON AUSTEN was denouncing Parliament Bill would never guess that country is on eve of constitutional revolution. Questions over, Members streamed out through glass door to write letters, read papers, or chat in Lobby. At half-past eight things so desperately bad as to suggest a count. RONALDSHAY, on his legs supporting amendment moved from front Opposition Bench, had for sole audience on Unionist side a Member intent on catching SPEAKER's eye as soon as the EARL had made an end of speaking. Less than a dozen Ministerialists scattered about benches opposite, glowing with same purpose.

As LANSBURY observed, "A revolution is proceeding and there is no one here to stop it."

Affair might have fizzled out in ignominy of a count save for accident of moment at which it was moved. Mr. EMMOTT, temporarily relieving SPEAKER in Chair, pointed out that Standing Orders forbid count between 8.15 and 9.15.

Speech of the evening delivered from unexpected quarter. NEVILLE, a sort of parliamentary Jacob who has served through the fight of seven contested

Nothing the least diaconal in speech that followed. Early in its progress Member for Wigan, like Silas Wegg, dropped into poetry:—

"The General Election came down like a wolf on the fold,

The Nationalist cohorts were gleaming with gold."

"I don't blame them," he added, turning benevolent countenance towards the Irish quarter. "Having got the sinews of war behind them, they are in their right to use them." After vivid picture of LLOYD GEORGE encouraging growth of agitation against the Lords, he observed, "Then it was that we had rats in a trap. Rats in a trap, Mr. SPEAKER, that let the cat out of the bag—if I may say so," he added, after a moment's reflection.

The charge against the House of Lords was that they had acted contrary to precedent. "I may say with justice," said Mr. NEVILLE, fixing with stern glance SECRETARY TO TREASURY left in charge of debate, "the boot is on the other leg."

Business done.—Rejection of Parliament Bill on second reading moved from Front Opposition Bench.

Tuesday.—Not in vain has TULLIBARDINE gone a-soldiering with the Horse Guards, the Black Watch, the Royals and the Scottish Horse. Today executed a manœuvre which testifies to military instinct, even genius. Things looking in bad way for branch of Legislature the Marquess will in due time adorn. What ASQUITH proudly called "the phalanx" determined to carry Parliament Bill remains unbroken. Appeals for compromise plaintively raised from Opposition camp meet with no response. As far as one can see events are marching straight to passing of Bill by overwhelming majority that will make it awkward for Lords to throw it out.

Direct attack being here, as at Spion Kop, hopeless, thing is to distract attention by movement in another quarter. Accordingly, whilst attention and time of House are ostensibly concentrated upon fate of House of Lords, TULLIBARDINE chips in with question addressed to PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE. What he wants to know is "the average annual value imported into the United Kingdom from Canada of laths, sawed boards, planks, deals, and other lumber, planed, tongued, grooved or variously finished?"

Note the subtlety of this master stroke. Whilst it effectually withdraws attention from a troublesome question, giving the assailants time, "so to speak," as Mr. NEVILLE would put it, to bury their dead, it shows how far-reaching and minute are the sympathy and knowledge of one of the class of

legislators whom an infamous act of tyranny threatens to destroy. Whilst professional agitators prate about hereditary anachronisms and the like, here is a man who perceives the importance of a question which, neglected, might insidiously gnaw away the Imperial bonds that link the Motherland with the eldest of her Colonies.



"Full of wise saws and modern instances"—of planed and grooved planks.

(The Marquess of Tullibardine.)

SYDNEY BUXTON, taken aback, muttering something about necessity of lengthened details, and promised to circulate answer with the Votes. TULLIBARDINE, full of wise saws, carrying a modern instance in shape of planed and grooved plank, graciously assented, and the incident closed. But its effect was felt in subsequent course of debate on Parliament Bill, which became increasingly paralysed.

Business done.—Debate on SON AUSTEN's amendment continued.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Lord WOLVERHAMPTON's death leaves no gap in the ranks of backwoodsmen. Not one of their class. Rather the ideal of the sober-minded business-like recruit to whom reformers of hereditary chamber look for help. Curious evolution of political life that the son of a Wesleyan minister, thirty-five years ago an obscure solicitor in a Midland borough, should in course of time come to rule India in succession to CLIVE and HASTINGS.

One who has known him throughout his Parliamentary life finds it difficult to imagine HENRY FOWLER (the name by which his memory will be kept green) going about with a coronet in



"Rats in a trap, Mr. SPEAKER, that let the cat out of the bag—if I may say so."

(Mr. R. J. K. Neville, K.C.)

elections for the seat won at last January Wigan, rose to make his maiden speech. Tall in figure, in aspect mild to benignity, there was about new Member something irresistibly reminiscent of the deacon who treads softly down the church aisle carrying plate for collection.

place of a top hat. Incongruous in the Upper Chamber, he was essentially a Commons man. Entering the House thirty-one years ago next April, he was absolutely unknown at Westminster. Highest honour yet achieved was that he had been Mayor of Wolverhampton. He did not take the House by storm, as, after brief assault, did the ex-Mayor of another Midland town. By sheer capacity he won his way to front rank. Beginning by favour of Mr. G. at foot of Ministerial ladder, his rise to Cabinet rank was comparatively rapid. As a debater he was excelled by few in the gifts of lucidity and force of argument.

He was one of the rare Members who achieved the supreme triumph of controlling votes by a speech. It befell during Lord ROSEBURY's brief Premiership. HENRY JAMES, perceiving opportunity of smiting his old friends the enemy on Treasury Bench, brought forward Resolution designed to protect interests of British cottonspinners trading with India. Government majority was under forty. Not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, it would have served, as it had done before, if it kept together. But a sufficient number of Ministerialists representing Lancashire cotton districts wavered. Loyalty to Party is a good thing, but profits in cottonspinning should, like charity, begin at home and, as far as Lancashire is concerned, end there.

Fate of Ministry hung in balance, with almost certainty that it would kick the beam in favour of Opposition. In masterly speech delivered with authority of SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, HENRY FOWLER turned threatened rout into brilliant victory.

Another conspicuous success was his conduct of Parish Councils Bill through a House which, wherever not hostile, was unsympathetic. A masterpiece of adroit parliamentary management.

HENRY FOWLER was a dependable man, as distinguished from a brilliant one. He was nearer akin to type of STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and LORD KIMBERLEY than to DISRAELI or GLADSTONE. JOHN BRIGHT once said of a colleague, "We believe in no man's infallibility; but it is restful to be sure of one man's integrity." This a comfort enjoyed by all having dealing with HENRY FOWLER, whether in private relations or in public life.

Business done.—Commons still debating Parliament Bill.

Definition from *The Twentieth Century Dictionary*:—

"*Acarus*, a genus of minute insects embracing the mites."
Very motherly.

HALF-YEARS WITH THE BEST AUTHORS.

[*"Quite the most imposing literary treasure of the Royal Aero Club is the series of seven huge volumes bound in red morocco, and lent by Mr. GRAHAME WHITE, containing all the newspaper cuttings relating to his historic flight in the London-Manchester Competition last year. Here we have his achievement told separately by at least a hundred different writers, and I do not know how many different cameras have contributed their different views of the man and his machine."*—*The Observer*.]

From the above paragraph (whose italics are our own) we gather that a new criterion of *belles-lettres* has arisen, and it gives us pleasure to make the following literary announcements for the benefit of that class of reader to



A GREAT LIBERAL
(The late Lord Wolverhampton).

which the above statement is intended to appeal:—

The glorious old library of Hornsey Castle contains a priceless collection. Pre-eminent among papyri of the PHARAOKS, the earliest productions of CAXTON, and Elizabethan folios, is the gem of the library—four hundred and eighty magnificent volumes of press-cuttings concerning the present Lady Hornsey. It will be remembered that, prior to her marriage, she was a star of our lighter stage.

The mouth of a bibliophile would indeed water at the sight of these majestic volumes—a veritable Valhalla of English literature. A noble appendix of sixty volumes is devoted to picture-postcard photos of her Ladyship.

* * * * *
We learn with pleasure that a collated issue is forthcoming of the *obiter dicta* of "The Major" (the well-known writer upon men's fashions in

various journals). It is entitled "Togs I have Adumbrated" (nine hundred volumes in India-paper), and it will be of immense help to students of the writer's austere and elusive personality.

* * * * *
As a maritime nation we should rejoice in the patriotic re-publication of the "By the Silver Sea" column from *The Daily Telegraph*. The spirit of DRAKE and DIBDIN breathes throughout these fifty superb volumes, reprints of the breezy articles that, under the same title, have long been so virile a feature of our contemporary's columns. No information is lacking for those seeking nautical adventure. Local news of our leading resorts, the weather and the opening of new Fire Stations, are fully dealt with. One almost hears the clash of old sea dogs at municipal meetings—and enthusiasts for our radiant climate will marvel more than ever at the records of sunshine.

The tang of the salt air blows out of every line of this work, and the volumes should be placed in the hands of every lad who reveres the names of NELSON and LITTON (the latter of whom occurs on every page).

If we may venture a correction to so careful a compilation the address of the Imperial Tea Company at Beachcombe is 1436, High Street, and not 1437, as stated.

* * * * *
The Bodleian Library is happy in the acquisition of the original MSS. of Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM-DAVIS's monograph, "*The Oesophagus—and How to Use It.*"

The collection of detail for this monumental work has been the one preoccupation of its author's life, and he has spared himself no self-denial in the quest of gustatory experience. Fascinating as the whole of the six hundred volumes are, one lingers most over the thousands of alimentary charts detailing the author's daily menu since he was two months old.

Catholic in experiment, he has sampled the cuisines of all nations in pursuit of the ideal. Thus the ornithorhynchus, the marabout, the hyena, the chinchilla and the scone have fallen to his fork.

Once only, at a Guildhall Banquet, his appetite failed him and he burst into tears.

The last volume closes on a note of pathos. Analysing the span of human life, the author laments that only one-sixth of it is occupied by nutrition—the remainder is frittered away. This, however, is the only morbid reflection in a work eternally hopeful with ante-prandial speculations.



Golfer (to new member who is cutting across to club-house). "HELLO! GIVEN IT UP! WHY DON'T YOU FINISH THE ROUND?"
 Novice (keeping his bag out of sight). "OH, ROTTEN LUCK! I'VE SMASHED MY—EE—PET CLUB!"

AT THE PLAY.

"LOAVES AND FISHES."

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM calls his new play at The Duke of York's "a satire in four Acts"; he may be supposed therefore to imply a moral. It is not difficult to discover what the moral is.

Theodore Spratte was a worldly man. He never tired of referring to his "father, the late Lord Chancellor," or to his family's supposed descent from the Montmorency stock; he admitted he was a snob and recommended snobbishness as a virtue to his children. He spared no pains or self-advertisement (within gentlemanly limits) to advance himself in his profession, and as a widower of fifty took care to marry again for money rather than for love. When his daughter fancied (quite mistakenly) that she was devoted to a bounder who wore detachable and reversible cuffs and owned unrepresentable relations, he hurried on her engagement to *Lord Wroxham* by methods which may have seemed unscrupulous, but very certainly made for *Winifred's* happiness. He practised, perhaps more whole-heartedly than some, the usual insincerities of speech and manner

which a civilised society demands, and accepted with considerable calm the extremely pleasant and luxurious state

of life into which it had pleased Heaven to call him.

Who will rise and curse *Theodore Spratte*? Who will denounce vanity and egoism and pushfulness and good living? There are a few fine souls who may do so, but it is not for us to range ourselves ostentatiously among them. *Theodore Spratte*, as I have described him, may pass for an average man. Wait a moment, though; I find I have left out something rather important. *Theodore Spratte* was Vicar of St. Gregory's!

This, I take it, is the meaning of the play. A clergyman, inasmuch as he is not judged by the same standards as other men, must be different from other men. The Church is not the same as other professions, to be entered light-heartedly by the younger sons. By all means let it be denied indignantly that *Canon Spratte* is typical of the Church; it will scarcely be denied that the Church is too frequently regarded as a means merely of worldly advancement. It is possible (and legitimate) to satirize all the reverend *Sprattes* without satirizing all the reverend Canons.

This is much the best of Mr. MAUGHAM's later and successful plays;



Canon Spratte tries to land a whale but catches a tartar.

Mrs. Fitzgerald ... MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.
 Canon Spratte ... MR. ROBERT LORRAINE
 (with false nose).

I don't know if it is because he has adapted it from a book, *The Bishop's Apron*, written some years ago. Recently his literary conscience has not always been as wakeful as one could wish; he has shown an ingenuous confidence in the powers of the MAUGHAM varnish to give newness to any situation. *Loaves and Fishes* has old moments, but it is for the most part truly funny, and—thanks to a great performance by Mr. ROBERT LORAIN—makes a delightful evening's entertainment. M.

"BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT."

The vestibule and palatial *salle-à-boire* of the Globe Theatre are redolent of the triumphs of Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN. Here are portraits, life-size or better, of Miss PAULINE CHASE and Miss MAUDE ADAMS, silent tributes to what he can do in the art of presentation. Here is a framed collation of heads, chiefly American and out of my cognisance, to which is attached the sounding title: "Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN'S STARS." The contemplation of these satellites (each to all appearance owing its position in the heavens to the patronage of the Great



The villain get caught in the Act—the last Act.

Louis XIII. ... Mr. JIMMY JINKS.
Cust'cr.ue ... Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND.

Presenter) should be a source of solace during the intervals of *Barde's the Magnificent*. I cannot say if Mr. LEWIS WALLER aspires to join that galaxy, but it could hardly be on the strength of his latest achievement, even if it had been presented by Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, instead of being simply advertised as "by arrangement with Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN." (How difficult it is

to get away from Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN!) Mr. WALLER's many female admirers have come to expect of him a reasonable allowance of sword-play and knock-about business. But here, apart from a brief scuffle in the dark and a trivial turn with a walking-stick, he is content to wear fine clothes and talk glibly, often perfunctorily, in a part of which he is the first to appreciate the futility. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. Even his fine clothes could not always be accounted for. How he came by the pleasant design in black and gold in which he made so brave a figure I never could make out. For he was in a strange house, cut off from his luggage, and had made his entrance through a window in the course of an escapade that had left him with nothing but the rough and sodden garments he stood up in.

It is a poor reflection on the present chances for an actor with a sense of style that Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND should have nothing better to do than play the villain in a second-rate Romantic Comedy like *Barde's the Magnificent*. His dignity of manner did all that was possible for the part, but it was thankless work. Mr. REGINALD DANE as the dandy braggadocio, *Laurent, Chevalier de St. Armand* (they all had nice names like that), succeeded in getting the savour of his perfumes across the footlights. Miss MADGE TITHEREDGE, on the other hand, was all for nature's scents, and kept on sniffing roses with a conscious air of innocence. Mr. ASHTON PEARSE spoke his lines correctly as *Louis XIII.*, but looked too much like a Nonconformist Mephistopheles in mourning. The final travesty of a Court of Justice was not improved by the sad crudity of the Judge's diction. The plot was passable, and there was a beautiful scene for the loggia of the Chateau of Lavedan; but altogether we should have come off badly indeed but for the humorous relief, such as it was, of the part assigned to Miss LOTTIE VENNE, who called herself a seventeenth-century Viscountess, but in point of fact was just that delightful creature, Miss LOTTIE VENNE of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

"BABY MINE."

Let me confess, to my shame, that I laughed immeasurably over the not-too-delicate humours of the new Criterion farce. Only an American woman, type of the pinkest of propriety, could have written it; and only a British Censor, representing the finest intelligence and discrimination, could have passed it.

When a deserted wife is induced to try and draw her husband home by the lure of fatherhood; when Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, friend of the family, is told off to procure the necessary article

from a Babies' Home; when a hitch occurs, and the husband, summoned to his wife's bedside, arrives slightly in advance of his supposititious offspring; when, in deference to the protests of the actual mother, it is found necessary to acquire a fresh baby, and it turns up beneath the husband's dazzled eyes before the first has been deported; when a third baby is requisitioned to



THE BABY-SNATCHER.

Jimmy Jinks ... Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH.

displace the original one, and all three find themselves on the stage at once, you will understand that the expansion of the unit, first into twins and then into triplets, is accompanied by a corresponding growth (geometrical progression) in the fury of the fun.

The astonishing thing about it all was that the development of the plot seemed to proceed, step by step, with the inevitability of logic.

That great artist, Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, refused to be tempted away from his customary self-restraint. Miss IRIS HOEY, who had much more to do, did it with extraordinary cleverness and vivacity. Miss LILLIAN WALDEGRAVE was a model of her sex, adjusting facts to her scheme in the true spirit of decorative art. Mr. DONALD CALTHROP's staccato methods got upon my nerves in the earlier and quieter part. There is a kind of dreadful briskness about some actors that makes me almost giddy with boredom. Mr. CALTHROP would do well to take a lesson from the passivity of the triplets.

I cannot bring myself to commend to just anybody this study in vicarious obstetrics; but to those who are fit to bear it I can promise an entertainment from which they are not likely to escape with ribs unwrung. O. S.



Mother (to neighbour who has been summoned—in alarm—to view the phenomenon). "LOOK WHAT A COLOUR HE'S GONE—WOT SHALL I DO?"
Neighbour. "WHY, BLESS THE WOMAN! YOU MUST A' USED SOAP!"

DEVILRY OR DISEASE?

[In a letter to *The Times* on "sulking" animals, it is maintained that "sulking is essentially a bodily and nervous condition," and a subsequent leader and various letters emphasize the applicability of this statement not only to the lower animals, but to mankind, and especially children.]

My little son, whom I propose to wallop
For being in a fit of sulks to-day
And acting impolitely whilst at play
Towards your cousin (bless the little trollop!)—

I know, dear boy, that you perhaps are blameless;
If one may trust the statement of the wise,
These fits of sulking probably arise
From some disorder which as yet is nameless.

Things being thus, my child (I hope you take me?)
I may be counted cruel if I go
And grip you by your roundabout, and so
Proceed to spank you till my powers forsake me.

But please observe, if bodily conditions
Are going to be cited as excuse
For faults like this, they'll simply play the deuce
With other moral laws and prohibitions.

Besides, as yet the theory is lacking
In full acceptance by the general mind;
It may in future save your tender rind,
But in the meanwhile you require a whacking.

So do not think me brutal if at present
I have to give you what, it seems, is due.
Believe me, if it causes pain to you,
I shall not find it any less unpleasant.
Regard me not as some unthinking drover
Beating a sulky, semi-fainting beast;
Believe me (once again), I'm not the least
Like such a man . . . And now, my boy, bend over!

According to *The Daily Chronicle*, the cost of *Dread-noughts* has been reduced from £101.6 per ton to £82.53. It is not stated whether a less quantity than one ton can be ordered, but we are inclined to think that the price is still prohibitive to the average citizen.

Feathering Their Own Nests.

From the Annual Report of a Land Society:

"In addition to providing a savings bank for the majority of the members, the Committee have been unusually successful in providing houses for their own occupation."

We are not surprised to hear later on in the Report that there are eight candidates for the four vacant places on the committee.

"The Chairman said the annual banquet for the members of the Fire Brigade would be held at the hotel on the following Thursday week, and the chief officer would very much like to have the support of members of the Council. It was left with Coun. Lanyon and the Clerk to insure members of the Brigade immediately."—*The Corinthian*.
The hotel can't be as bad as that.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

CONSIDERING the constancy with which Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS lays the scenes of his stories upon Dartmoor, it is amazing that his descriptive powers show so few signs of the strain placed upon them. No rains were ever more wetting than his and no winds more penetrating. In fact *Demeter's Daughter* (METHUEN) proves—if such proof is still necessary—that he is a great atmospheric artist. But when I turn to the story itself I am not so satisfied, for it leaves me depressed and waiting for the big novel which I expect Mr. PHILLPOTTS eventually to write. *Alison Cleave*, handicapped by a faithless husband, a brutal son and a false neighbour, struggled hard in her fight against odds, and in the fight revealed a noble character. But she was beaten; while her husband—a bibulous platitudinarian—remained to call her a “trier” and an “awful stupid woman.” I recognise and bow to the courage which disdains to make sacrifices to sentimentality, but at the same time I think that Mr. PHILLPOTTS would be a better artist if he painted in less gloomy colours, and if he allowed himself to renew some of the gladness which permeated *The Human Boy*.

Casting about, I suppose, for something more sinister and bizarre than mere burglary, Mr. HERBERT FLOWERDEW (for, after all, what's in a name?) has seized upon the idea of incorporating into a novel one of those modern Bluebeards who occasionally figure in the police-reports. *The Third Wife* (STANLEY PAUL) has thus the advantage of providing a little more food for the romantic emotions than is usually the case with detective fiction, and the efforts of *Arthur Lawrence* (alias *Hermitage*) to dispose of his wife (No. 3) for the sake of her fortune, and to capture her when she suspects his designs and refuses to live with him, gave me some very delectable thrills. I must also take off my hat to Mr. HERBERT FLOWERDEW for creating the most incompetent sleuth-hound that I have ever seen nosing the trail; for though the fine specimens of the breed are all too few, and I seldom close a book of this sort without murmuring regretfully to myself those well-known lines—

“The stately *Holmes* of England,
How paramount he stands,”

I think for sheer bungling inefficiency Mr. *Robert Clickett* took the red herring. And indeed the unfortunate heroine would have been done to death with the greatest of ease at the end by her dastardly spouse and his hired minion but for one of those curious little accidents—but there! you had better read the book for yourselves.

I have to confess that there was a moment, about a

third of the way through, when I began to be impatient with *A Fair House* (JOHN LANE). The reason for this was that Mr. HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT, after being at pains to show me the fairness of the house and to fill it with interesting people, would persist in shutting me up in the nursery. What I mean is that, though *Bridget* herself is a delightful child, we have, frankly speaking, a good deal too much of her in the early stages. I was frightened for *Bridget's* sake also. The only daughter of a publisher, brought up by a conventional old nurse, and exhibiting a marked tendency towards literary baby-talk, she seemed to stand every chance of developing into a prig. Fortunately, however, Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT's skill was able to avert this danger, and the latter part of the story shows us a *Bridget* who is an entirely real and captivating human girl. The whole episode of her relations with *Selby Parramore*, the insincere genius, is most adroitly handled; though of all the scenes in the book I prefer that of the introduction of this same *Parramore* as a “marvellous boy,” long before there is any thought of *Bridget* growing old enough to fall

in love with him. His interview with, and bland patronage of, the friendly publisher is a thing wholly joyous. Take it for all in all, Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT has made his *Fair House* into a quite desirable property, which should find no difficulty in securing appreciative tenants.

Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE has set out to achieve a most original and daring purpose, to write a novel acceptable *per se* to a modern public, and yet in frank and wholesale imitation of HENRY FIELDING. To this end he has omitted no affectation of spelling,

composition, style, plot and period, and yet he has overcome by the end all the prejudice which such anachronism was bound to excite in the beginning. Upon my word, I am not sure that he has not succeeded all the way. Though *The Passionate Elopement* (SECKER) would not have been so intitled by FIELDING, yet otherwise, save for the absence of the master touch (one must say that to be orthodox), the book might have come from that great pen. Much of the humour and philosophy is there, but there is happily avoided the long anticipated climax, intolerable, and, I think, rightly intolerable, to present-day tastes. FIELDING or no FIELDING, our author has put together a vastly entertaining account of *Curtain Wells*, its *Great Little Beau*, its *Exquisite Mob*, and its *Gallant Young Gentlemen*. I doubt if he has in his conclusion availed himself to the full of the ingenuity of his construction, but I leave it at that, insisting that you buy and read for yourself without further revelations from me.

“Turnips and Straw for Sale . . . Mr. James Bealtie, Gardener will point out the turnips.”—*Advt. in “Aberdeen Weekly Press.”*
And then we shall all be able to guess which the straw is.



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

3. THE TRAMP JUGGLER HAS HIGH TEA IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.